1927

52 T.S. Friday Oct. 13th

"Look Mark Good Vita aint coming" I said, buttering the telegram down with a knife.

"And why do ye say that?" asked Leonard, looking up from his pocket handkerchief. To which I had no answer ready: but the true one was: Because my nose is red.

The two Wolves have been having colds in the head. Mine I caught in a dentists waiting room: but that neither here nor there. The knowledge the incident symbolises our friendship. Now think carefully what I mean by that. There's a dying fall over it: it shows the leaden-dolphin colours of decay. Never do I love you without thinking, it for the last time. And the truth is, we fain as much as we love by this: since I am always & certain I'll be off & on with another next Thursday week (Oh dear so gourmet, bad creature, at the end of your last letter, what is where the viper carries its sting) since all over intercourse is tinged with this melancholy on my part & desire to be white nosed & so keep you half an instant longer, perhaps, as

I say we jam in intensity what we lack in the other comfortable
virtues of prolonged & safe & respectable & cheap &
cold blooded friendship. I am working at great speed.
For the third time I begin a sentence, the truth is — The
truth is I'm so engrossed in Orlando I can think of
nothing else. What ~~could~~ ousted Romola, psychology
& the rest of that advert book completely. Tomorrow I
begin the chapter which describes Violet & Sir making in
the car. The whole thing has to be jam into thoroughly.
I am swarming with ideas. Do give me some
inkling what sort of quarrels you had. Also, for
what particular quality did the first choose you?
Look here: I must come down & see you, if only to choose
some presents. James 1st: another of a young Sackville (male)
temp. George 3rd: Please lend formally to my
temp. Scheme. It will be a letter back, about 30, and
words at most, & at my present rate which is seventy
(I think of nothing but you all day long, in
different furs, & Violet & the ice & Elizabeth & Sapphic
the 3rd) I shall have done it by Christmas. That
is say, if we don't go to Russia. Do you
want me to go to Russia? We've been asked
to go there, free, by the Soviet Government, to celebrate
the anniversary of Revolution for one month.
What you think one should take the chance, buy furs,
& risk the cold? Tell me what you

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think. I must settle by Tuesday.
Orlando will be a little book, with pictures & a map of how
I make it up in bed at night, as I walk the streets,
Everywhere. I want to see you in the Campbright,
in your emeralds. In fact, I have never more
wanted to see you than I do now – just to set & look at you,
& set you to talk, & then rapidly & secretly, correct
certain doubtful points. About your teeth now, &
your temper. Is it true you grind your teeth at
night? Is it true you love giving pain? & what
& when was your moment of greatest disillusionment?
And then you say there's a squalid reason, ~~the flue?~~
~~Father~~, & you can't come! Still my vow was
red, so I forgive you.
The is written 500 words to the minute with-
Leonard looking suspicious in the arm chair,
Parker snoring & Nelly playing fox trots in the
Gramophone upstairs.
I'm to see Dotty alone, at night, next week.
But then she bought me – paid £20,000 down.
About Laughlin. How you upset me! But the
place is bewitched. I've been with you adorable:
with Leonard utterly detestable, so that the
very thought depresses me.
Sixty pounds just received from America

for my little Sapphist story which the editor has not seen
the point, though he's been looking for it in the
Adiron dacks.

Please tell me beforehand when I am welcome. —
for how long: unless the dolphin has died
meanwhile & its colours are those of
death & decomposition. If you've seen Journey
to Campbeh, I'll have no more to do with it,
& so it shall be written, plainly, for all
the world to read, when in Orlando. Tell me
if you will come, because I'm already rather
harassed by dreaded actresses, Treasury
officials & worse.

Dearest Mrs. Nicolson, Good night

V. (for Vita)

W. (for Campbell).

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HAMILL & BARKER 2/6/62

Tell me about Oxford

Wednesday night.

Why no letter? I want to write me. but have no time - Jan here. She is today, Come to dinner on Monday with me alone. Please do. Lunch is a bore: I don't think I can cheat the Rees of an afternoon - the Xmas cards & things are beginning - and dinner means longer: for you can come early. And I ought to be doing work - diary. So Lucy you'll come - I've heaps of things to talk you about: your first party &c - But Orlando's head, worst he art, of all, till the autumn:

Come Monday then: & write me long long loving letter

V.

Tel: 2621 Museum.

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Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.

But I let you know about being alone on Monday the very moment I could — what a dreadful bore.

Lunch is unromantic: steak, better than nothing: do I shall expect you to turn up here at 1 to 1 on Monday & we'll lunch out or here & sacrifice the afternoon — to love, not the Rev. & Vita hands for love which I doubt. So then I'll settle with you about everything & coming to Keith — Raymond — Kelly West are a nice Virgin

Friday

A from
Monks House.

a thousand thanks for translations: Lupe Velez: Hedda Hedric
old friends, entering up: Wadie - Dadie - Dadie · Hah!

I rang you up just now, to find you
were gone nutting in the woods
with Mary Campbell, & Mary
Carmichael, & Mary Seton, but not
me — damn you — to stay:
I've forgotten the right name & address
of Mrs. Goldsmith. She rang up &
said she was staying possibly with you.
Would you tell her that the roses
will be ready on Monday, & the
keys will be here anytime on
Monday morning. Tell her this,
but dont tell her how violently
I disliked her on talking of (Vita)
on the telephone: how vulgar, pushing,
crude, coarse, American, I thought her

voice — This is one of the effects of Ceylon.
I can't say how I detest hearing some one
call you 'Vita' in American on the
telephone. at 8 in the morning

Second

I wanted to ask if it would be convenient
should we call in on Sunday on our
way back; at Long Barn. This has
now become essential to have a
photograph of Orlando in Country
clothes in a wood, to end with. If
you have films & a camera I thought
Leonard might take you. We should
come about 2 or 3 or earlier: not later,
so dont stay in. Would you
wire if this won't do: like an
angel. And we won't come if you
house is flooded with people. And I
dont want to meet their voices inside a
woman. Not hearing, we shall understand
it suits. V. W.

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Tel: 2621 Museum.

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Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.

Directly you had gone, a faint
smell of Orlando's led me
to look under a book & there
they were: but not Vita. No.
And where was Vita last
night, & what did she do
there? And is ticking a
game for ladies or for housemaids?
(Thro' might be a hamper from
Orlando — so now you need
have no doubt that this is
the wittiest & most profound
book in the world: the very
best & image of you into
the Bargain. I write

with a big B

Bargain - because I have been
buying presents & feel degraded
in consequence - but I bought 2
yards of pearls at Whiteworths, or is
it Woolworths. for 6d. to
wear tonight. Shant I look nice?
Heres 12/6. I like writing
cheques. it makes me feel more
like other women. I bought a
Wrig & Gretchen for, as
Dadie is dining here.
Oh & I must go & dress now,
& have the most important
conversation in the whole
history of the Hogarth
Press. Dont give away
my newspaper plan.
And let me know when
we're to meet.
Yr poor dear
V.

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